

Baxter
Here 'is that great songbook
I told you about
Gay Humphreys

MULTO
SHITTY

SONGS

OF

SIGMA Nu

LX

-VERT

DOWN IN TWAT VALLEY

Twas down in Twat valley
Where maidenheads grow
Where cocksuckers flourish
And the red river flows
Tw as there I met Lulu
The girl I adored
That hare fucking c-o-o-ckin sucking whore

Shell fuck you and suck you
She'll gnaw on your nuts
And if your not careful
She'll suck out your guts
She'll fuck for a nickle
Take less or take more
That hard fucking c-o-o-ck-sucking
Mexican whore

Now Lulu is dead
She lies in her tomb
The flies and the maggots
Crawl around in her womb
But from that dark region
She cries out for more
That hard fucking ~~p/p/p/p~~ c-o-o-ck sucking
Mexican who re

BIG FUCKING WHEEL

There once was a man from across the sea
And this is the tale he told to me
About a maid with twat so wide
She never could be satisfied

So they fashioned for her a big fucking wheel
With balls of brass and a big prick of steel
The balls of brass were filled with cream
~~And~~ the whole fucking issue was run by steam

Around and around went the big fucking ~~w/p/l~~ wheel
And in and out went the big prick of steel
Until at last the maid she cried
Enough enough I'm satisfied

But that was not the end of it
There was no way of stopping it
And the maid was split from twat to tit
And the whole fucking issue went up in shit

NO BALLS AT ALL

Oh, come all ye maidens
and listen to me
I'll tell you a tale
that will fill you with glee
About a young maiden
both tender and small
Who married a man
Who had no balls at all

CHORUS:

No balls at all
No balls at all
She married a man
Who had no balls at all

The night of her wedding
She climbed into bed
Her cheeks were all rosy
Her lips were all red
She felt for his penis
His penis was small
She felt for his balls
He had no balls at all

Oh, Mother dear Mother
I wish I were dead
And lay in my grave
With my poor maiden-head
My troubles are many
My pleasures are small
For I've married a man
Who has no balls at all

Now daughter, dear daughter
Do not be so sad
For the very same thing
Was the matter with Dad
There's always a _____
To answer the call
Of the wife of the man
Who has no balls at all

Now daughter, dear daughter
took mother's advice
And found the proceedings
Exceedingly nice
A bouncin' young baby
Was born in the fall
To the wife of the man
Who had no balls at all

The doctor examined
the baby that night
And swore up and down
He'd examined him right
The thing that was found
Most astounding of all
The babe had a penis
But no balls at all

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all the young maidens were little
white rabbits
And I were a hare I would show them
bad habits

CHORUS: Roll your leg over, Roll your leg
over. Roll your leg over the man
in the moon.

SIMILARLY:

rushes a 'growing--scythe I'd set a mowing
fish in the ocean--a shark I'd raise a
commotion
sheep in the clover--a ram I'd ram them all
over
little white vixens--a fox I'd fuck 'em and
fix 'em
grapes on the vine--a plucker I'd have no a
time
bells in a tower--a sexton I'd bang out the
hour
bricks in a pile--a mason I'd lay them in
style
fish in a pool--a shark with a waterproof
tool
B-29's--a fighter I'd buzz their behinds
trees in a forest--a woodsman I'd split their
clitoris
flowers in a pasture--a bee I'd leave them
in rapture
bats in a steeple--a bat there'd be more
bats than people
statues of venus--equipped with a petrified
penis
little white foxes--a dog I'd snap at their
boxes
diamonds and rubies--a jeweler and polish
their boobies
dishes and china--a washer and wipe their
vagina
camels in Egypt--I'd ride 'em and hump 'em
just like Joe Collegiate.
whales in the ocean--a whaler and show them
the motion.

LAST VERSE:

Oh, why are we standing here singing about
it
That is because we're doing without it

Blinded By Turds

There w an old lady who lived on this street
Her passage was blocked up from to much to eat
She took stomach pills without reading the box
before she could strip turds were flying ~~like~~like rocks

CHORUS

Tura-la Tura-lay
a rolling stone gathers no moss so they say
sing along learn the words
its a bloody song but it's all about turds

She ran to the window, stuck out her ass
Just at that moment a cowboy did pass
He heard the strange noise so he gazed upon her
and a bloody big turd hit him right in the eye

CHOROUS

O he ran to the east and he ran to the west
when a further consignment arrived on his chest
He fled to the north and he fled to the south
When a bloody big turd hit him right in the mouth

Chorous

The nest time you wald over Blatt river bridge
lood ~~out~~ for a cowhand asleep on the ridge
his chest bears a placard
where an are these words
Be kind to a cowboy whose blinded by turds

CHOROUS

END OF THE MONTH

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
when the end of the month rolls around
You can tell by her stance that there's bleeding in her pants

When the end of the month rolls around
for its HI, Hi, Hee in the Kotex industry
Shout out ~~KHE~~your sixes loud and clear
Junior, Regular, Superduper, Bale of Hay!
for where ere we go you will always know
When the end of the month rolls around

You can tell by her walk t at you'll sit around an d talk
you can tell by her stench that she is a bleeding wench

You can tell by her eyes that there's blood between her thighs
You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling out

STANDARD RECORD

My first trip to Canadian borders
My first trip to Canadian shores
Met a girl named Rosey O'Grady
Better known as the Winnipeg Whore
* * *

So we walked off arm in arm
To the place she used to sleep
Dirty old room with a straw-filled
mattress
It wasn't very clean, but it sure
was cheap.

She said "My man you look familiar"
Sat her ass down on my knee
How about a little loving
A dollar and a half is my fee.
* * *

We did it once, we did it twice
Then we did it one time more
She gave a shout and her toes
curled under
That was the end of Winnipeg
Whore.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT

Its Charlotte the Harlot
The girl we adore
The pride of the Prairie
The Cowpuncher's whore---

Lay down on the prairie where cow plop is thick
Where women are women and cowpokes cum quick
There lived pretty Charlot the girl we adore
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore. (Chorus)

She's dirty, she's vulgar, she spits in the street.
Why whenever you see her she's always in heat.
She'll lay for a dollar, take less or take more,
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore. (Chorus)

One day in the canyon no pants on her quim
A rattlesnake saw her and flung himself in;
Charlot the Harlot gave cowboys the frights:
The only vagina that rattles and bites. (Chorus)

One day on the prairie while riding along
My seat in the saddle, the reins on my long,
Who should I meet but the girl I adore
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore. (Chorus)

I got off my pony, I reached for ~~my~~ her crack
The damn thing was rattling and biting me back.
I took out my pistol, I aimed for its head,
I missed the damned rattler and shot her instead. (Chorus)

Her funeral procession was 40 miles long
With a chorus of cowpunchers singing this song:
Here lies a young maiden who never kept score,
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore. (Chorus)

(LABOR DONATED)

Masturbate the City of Washington

Masturbate the city of Washington
They're running it off by hand in mighty Washington
The boys are there with balls
To cream their overalls
It's harder to push them over the line
Than down for sixty-nine
Masturbate the city of Washington!
Horny hands together with a STROKE, STROKE, STROKE!
And o'er the land
The horny hand
Will beat the meat of Washington forever.

X
X
X
X
X
XX
XX
XXXX
XXXX
XXXX
Fuck You

OREGON

Oregon our alma mater
Where the men of steel are found
In the bushes, with the co-eds
making love upon the ground
This goes on 'til early morning
When the cops break the fun
There'll be a military wedding
For the sons of Oregon!

WESTWOOD HIGH

High above Pacific's waters
Stinking to the sky
Stands a two-bit alma mater
Known as Westwood High.

Mighty campus, mighty buildings
Mighty trees and grass
You can take your mighty bruises
And shove them up your ass.

CUM STAIN OUR BAND

Cum stain our band
Where we run it off by hand
It's such a kick,
To masturbate without a prick
No balls we got
But then our girl's aint got
no twat,
See our vests
And be our guests
And slap it to the Harvard
of the west!!!

FUCKING SONG

Oh they had a little party down in Legport
There was Hairy, there was Mary, there was Grace
Oh they had a little party down in Legport
And Hairy came all over the place.

Oh they had to carry Hairy to the fairy
And the fairy carried Hairy to the shore
And the reason that they had to carry Hairy to
Was that Hairy couldn't cum anymore. /the fairy

Prostitution, prostitution, fuck 'em till they cry
Rape 'em till they die
Prostitution, prostitution, fuck 'em twice or
know the reason why.

And when the fuck is over, we will buy a box of skis
And fuck for California til it dribbles off our chin
So fuck, tra-la-la, fuck tra-la-la
Fuck, fuck, fucked last night
Fucked the night before
Gonna fuck tonite like I never fucked before
For when I fuck I'm as happy as can be
For I am a member of the Hose family.

Now the Hose family is the best family
That ever came over from old Sperry
There's the anterior fuck and the posterior fuck
The interior fuck and the A-SUC.

Sing glorius, victorius, one big cunt for the
four of us
Sing glory be to IBM that there are no more of us
For one of us could eat it all alone. DAMN NEAR!!

Here's to the foreskins, GET FUCKED!!!!!!!

The horny pricks

DOWN BY THE RIVER PARDEE

CHORUS:

Down by the River Pardee, Pardee
Down by the River Pardee
Where nothing is heard but the
slush of a turd
Down by the River Pardee

VERSES:

There once was a young man named Dan
Who was an extraordinary man
When he got excited
His prick extricated
And stretched from Burma to Siam

There was a young girl from Leeds
Who swallowed a package of seeds
All kinds of grass
Grew out of her ass
And her twat was covered with weeds

There was a young lady from Istwich
Who took grain to a mill to make grist
But a miller named Jack
Laid her flat on her back
And united the organs they pissed with

There was a young man from Van Horn
Who never should have been born
But when his dad shoved it in
The rubber was thin
And in one little place it was worn

There was a young man named McRawks
Who did his act in town halls
His favorite trick
Was to spit on his prick
And slide off the stage on his balls

There was a young lady from Carolina
Who had a teasetat for a vagina
She could lay all day
With a man in Bombay
While soliciting in Plina

There was a young lady from Azores
Whose cunt was covered with sores
Not a dog in the street
Would touch the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam
Stroking the ass of his madam
He rolled over in mirth
'Cause he knew on all earth
There were only two balls, and he had 'em

There once was a man named Jossil
Who Found an interesting fossil
He could tell by the bend
And the knot in the end
'Twas the penis of Paul the Apostl

There was a young lady named Ostal
Whose parents thought they had
lost her
But out on the grass
Was the print of her ass
And the knees of the man who had
crossed her

There was an old man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the
moon
He had not the luck
To be born of a fuck
But a wet dream scraped up
with a spoon

There once was a girl from Seattle
Who delighted in sucking off cattle
Then a bull from the South
Went off in her mouth
And made her ovaries rattle

A luscious young thing named
Miss Trevor
Was cute and exceedingly clever
To damp her beau's ardor
She put pins in her garter
And spiked the poor fellow's
endeavor

There was a young lady from France
Who walked down the Bus de la Cane
She met a young Turk
Who got in good work
And now she can't button her pants

There once was a ~~man named~~
Scot named McGerkin
Who was constantly jerkin' his
gherkin
His wife said, "McGerkin,
Quit jerkin' your gherkin
You're shirkin' your fetkin'
YOU BASTARD" (nt)

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashinned a cunt out of clay
The heat of erection
Caused a reaction
And wore all his foreskin away

DOWN BY THE RIVER LARDER (cont'd)

There was a young man named McGee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young lady from Thrac
Whose corsets grew too tight to lace
Her mother said "Nelly
There's more in your belly
Than ever got in through your face".

There was a young lady named Ransom
Who was fucked six times by a handsome
As she lay on the floor
Panting for more
He said, "My name's Simpson, not Sampson"

There was a young lady from Sydney
Who could take it clear up to her kidney
But a man from Quebec
Shoved it up to her neck
He had a big one, didn't he?

There once was a man from Nantucket
Whose prick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin
As he wiped off his chin
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it"

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine
Convave or convex
It would take either sex
Amusing itself in between

There was a young man from Clyde
Who went in a ghithouse and died
And then there's his brother
Who died in another
And now they're interred side by side.

There was a young girl from Pantucket
Who went to hell in a bucket
Who, when asked for a fare
Pulled her dress in the air
And said, "Play with it, kiss it, or fuck it."

There once was a young man from Lagora
Whose cock was one inch and no more
It was good for keyholes
and little girls' peaholes
But no good for fucking a whore.

There was a young lady from York
Who was greatly adverse to the stork
But no matter how firm, she feared no dick
For she plugged it up first with a cork

There once was a girl from Dallas
Who used dynamite for a phallus
They found her vaginas
In North Carolina
And her torso in Buckingham Palace

There was a couple named Kelly
Who was found stuck belly to belly
They had in their haste
Used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave
He said, "I'll admit
I'm a bit of a shit,
But think of the money I save."

There once was a girl in France
Who boarded a train in a trance
The engineer fucked her
As did the conductor
And the firman went off in his pants

There was a young man from old
Sparta
Who was a phenomenal farter
He could fart anything
From God Save the Queen
To Beethoven's Sonatas

He could fart a Gavotte for a
Quarter
Then the theme from the coffee
Canzona
He would boom from his ass
Bach's B Minor Mass
And in counterpoint La Traviata

There once was a man from Bel Air
Who tried to bugger a bear
But the beast was a brute
Took a swipe at his root
And left nothing but testes and
hair

The wife of a young man named Bole
Has a sense of humor most droll
To a masquerade ball
He wore nothing at all
And backed in as a Parker House Boy

There was a young girl from Cal-
cutta
Who used to scfew in the gutter
The sun was so hot
That it melted her twat
And the milk in her tits turned
to butter

DOWN BY THE RIVER PANDEE (cont'd)

There once was a girl named Breyer
Who said nobody could screw her
Along came a fink
With a cast iron sink
And rammed it all the way through her

From the staid stone walls of St. Giles
Came a scream that was heard for miles
Said a monk, "Goodness Gracious
I fear Brother Ignacious
Has forgotten the Rector has piles

There was a man from Iraq
Who played the bass viol with his cock
With massive erections
He rendered selections
From Johann Sebastian Bach

There was a young man from Boston
Who bought himself a new Austin
He had room for his ass
And a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em

There once was a farmer named Fritz
Who planted Bob's Acres tits
They came up that fall
Pink nipples and all
And by spring he had chewed them to bits

There once was a gal from Milpitas
Who had agreed yan for coitus
And her athlete friend
Had an itch on his end
So now she has athlete's footus

There once was a girl from Mobile
Who had a cunt of crucible steel
Her greatest sex thrill
Was a rotary drill
And off-center emery wheels

A magnificent lady from Worcester
Once dreamed that a film star seduced her
She awakened to find
It was all in her mind
Just a lump in the mattress that gorcestor

A charmer from Amarillo
Sick of finding strange leads on her pillow
Decided one day
That to keep men away
She must stiff up her cravice with Brillo

There once was a man from Bel Air
Who was fucking his wife on the sta
The bannister broke
He doubled his stroke
And polished her off in mid air

On the chest of a tout named Gail
Was tattooed the price of her tail
For the sake of the blind
On her behind
Was the very same thing in braille

There was a fairy named McGoon
Who went to a Lesbian's room
They were up half the night
Having a hell of a fight
Deciding who was to do what to whom

There once was a man named Grost
Whose relations was with a ghost
He said with a spasm
At the height of Orgasm
I think I can feel it--almost

There once was a pirate named Bates
Who did the fandango on skates
He fell on his cutlase
Which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates

There was a young girl from Detroit
Who at fucking was quite aireit
She could contract her vagina
To a pin point or fina
Or enlarge it to the size of a quof

There was a young lady from Brussel
Accused of wearing two bustles
She said, "It's not true
It's a thing I wouldn't do
You're simply observing large mus-
cles

There was a young lady named Cager
Who, as the result of a wager
Consented to fart
The (w)hole oboe
To Mozart's Quartet in F Major.

In the shade of the old apple tree
A pair of fine legs I can see
A little red dot
With a hole on the top
It looked like a tarbrush to me

In the shade of the old apple tree
That's where Karen first showed it to me of the Bishop who was confirming
It was hairy and black
She called it her crack
But it looked like a subway to me then

So I pulled out my pride of New York
It fitted in just like a cork
And I said, Oh lady don't scream
While I dish out the cream
In the shade of the old apple tree

I could have fucked all night
I could have fucked all night
And still have fucked some more
I could have spread my legs
And laid a thousand eggs
I'd never laid before

I'll never know what made it so exciting
But all at once my cock was high
I only know when she
Began to piss on me
I could have fucked, fucked,
FUCKED all night

NEXT THANKSGIVING

Next Thanksgiving, next Thanksgiving
Don't eat bread, don't eat bread
Shove it up the turkey, shove it up the turkey
EAT THE BIRD, EAT THE BIRD !!!

There once were two girls from
Birmingham
And this is a story concerning
them

They lifted the frock
And diddled the cock
of the Bishop who was confirming
then

This Bishop was no fool
He had been to Divinity school
He whipped down their britches
And diddled those bitches
With the tip of his Episcopal toe.

There once was a guy named John
Who was blessed with a very small
dong

He looked kind of cute
As he diddled his root
For none of the girls helped him
along.

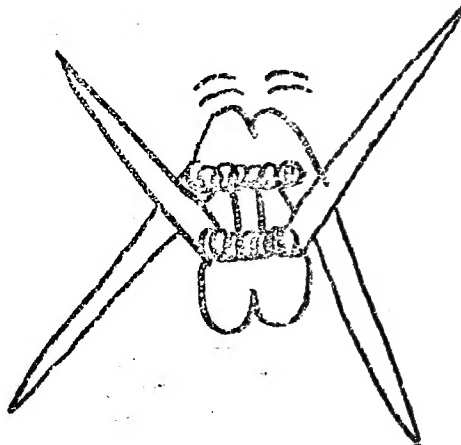
A guy named Dale from the city
Used to play with Andrea's titty
He said with a shock
As he knocked it right off
Goddamn but that titty was shitty.

There once was a guy named Thor
Whose cock was terribly sore
Was Felice cornholed last night
Or did he just take a bite
Of that thing that stuck through t
do

There once was a guy named Rex
Who used to root in the john
He stuck it right in'em
And said with conviction
Wish Helen would suck on my
dong.

Born in a whore house, raised like a slave
Drinking and fucking are all that I crave
Smashing in windows, breaking down doors
Calling old ladies, chicken-shit whores
Come on old lady, bring me a toddy
I want to go out and duck everybody
Beautiful hooker, lay down for me
Since I'm your pimp, I'll do it for free.

Hummmmm to MADGE!!!!



THE CORRECTING OF DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW

A couple of boys were whooping it up in one of those Youkon halls;
While the boy handling the music box was scratching his balls.
The Faro Kid had his hand on the box of alady known as Lou,
And there on the floor, on top of a where, was dangerous Dan McGrew
When out of the night as black as a bitch and into the din and smoke
Came a shaky old prick right up from the crick with a rusty old
load in his poke
He elbowed his way through the flea bitten crowd with his hand
at the crotch of his pants
He looked like a man with a dose of the clap and the last stages
of St. Vitus Dance
His britches were split and covered with spit; it looked like the
white of an egg
His balls hung low and swung too and fro every time he moved a leg
His face was as red as a baboon's ass as the passion within him burned
He rolled out his cock to display to the flock, and every asshole
squirmed
The lights went out. I ducked to the floor. The stranger sprang
in the dark
His aim was true and the sparks they flew as the donicker found its mark
The wind it blew and the shit it flew as I looked around the room
There were sighs and moans and farts and groans, and six bodies
Lay stacked in the gloom
The lights came on and the stranger arose with a satisfied look
on his pan;
And there on the floor with his asshole tore
Lay poor old corn-holed Dan

SWEET ANTOINETTE

Sweet Antoinette, your pants are wet
You say it's sweat; it's cum I'll bet
In all my dreams you bare as gleams.
You're the wrecker of my pecker.
Sweet Antoinette.

There once was a guy named Ben
Who was always yellen for moa
He begged for Jill
Cause she took the pill
And they groveled around on the
floor

BY THE LIGHT OF A FLICKERING MATCH

By the light, of a flickering match
I saw her snatch,
by the light of the match,
Well, Well,
By the light of the flickering match
I heard her scream,
I saw it steam,
I burned her snatch - -
With my flickering match!!!

There once was a man named Lance
Who chanced to cum in his pants
He said with a pout
As he whipped it right out
God Damn, it's all covered with ants.

There once was a guy named Nick
Who had people suck on his dick
One day it got to him
That someone had chewed him
And had ripped up 5 inches of pri
ck

There once was a guy named Chuck
Who always yearned for a fuck
One night after supper
He rammed it right up her
Now Trixie's big as a truck

There once was a guy named Fred
Who had no use for a bed
He said with glee
As he slapped his knee
I'd rather whip it instead!!

Here's to Madge, that rotten bitch
Her cunt is lined with a seven year itch
Between her toes, green matter grows
And from her nose, corruption flows
Before I climb those scaly logs
or suck those festered teats
I'd drink a gallon of buzzard puke.
and die of drizzily shits

Well I've fucked in France and I've
fucked in Spain
And I was the chief fucker
on the Battleship Maine
And when I die, my tombstone will read
Here lies a human fucking machine

O cunt, O cunt, thy deep dark and
bottomless pit
All covered with hair and mattered shit
Like a pole cat's ass, thou smelt so bad
But cunt, O cunt, thou will be had!

I wish I was in Lulu

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
But Lulu works in a little house
With forty other whores

CHORUS

Banging away on Lulu
Banging away all day
Who you going to bang on
When Lulu goes away

I wish I was a ring
Upon my Lulu's hand
And everytime she scratched her ass
I'd see the promised land

CHORUS

I wish I was an apple
A-hanging on a tree
And everytime that Lulu passed
She'd take a bit of me

CHORUS

(use verses to Roll your leg over)

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a Corner
Eating his Grandmother

Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
Jack got fucked
By a candlestick

Jack sprat could eat no fat
His wife could eat no lean
So they ate each other

PANCHO VILLA

My name is Pancho Villa
I have the ghonorra
I got it from Maria
She gave it to me free-a
And now I cannot pee-a

G. S. DICK

Down from the hills
came corkscrew Dick
Born to the world
with a spiral prick

All over the world
he did hunt
For a refined young lady
with a spiral cunt

And when he found her
he dropped dead
For the sweet young thing
had a lefthand tread.

h

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you seetheart
I'M in love with you
Let me pinch your titties
Till they're black and blue
Let me scratch your pussy
Till its filled with goo
Let's play hide the wienie
In your old wazoo.

Don't you know
why theres lipstick
on my thigh
Sloppy blow job...

YOU CAN TELL BY HER WALK
SHEE'S ONLY OUT TO TALK

YOU CAN TELL BY HER EYES
TAHT THERE'S BLOOD
BETWEEN HER THIGHS

The Cardinals Be Damned

Oh, the cardinals be damned boys
The cardinals be damned
The cardinals be damned boys
The cardinals be damned
If any Stanford son-of-a-bitch
Don't like the blue and gold
He can pucker up his rosey lips
And kiss the beer's asshole

Oh, I'm just a prostitute from Stanford
And I fuck for fifty cents
I'll lay my ass upon the grass
My pants upon the fence
I'll lick your slimy belly
I'll suck your cock with glee
But get off me you son-of-a-bitch
If you're from USC

Oh here's to turncoat Ralston
the dirty son-of-a-bitch
We hope he dies of syphilis
Combined with seven year itch
If you take his prick as radius
And project his balls in space
You can prove by the law of limits
That his asshole's in his face

Oh listen all ye maidens
Oh listen close to me
Don't ever trust a Stanford man
An inch above your knee
He'll take you down to Stanford
And fill you full of fizz
And before the night is over
Your maiden head is his

If we ever find a Stanford man
Within our sacred walls
We'll take him down to Menlo Park
And amputate his balls
And if that doesn't fix him
I'll tell you what we'll do
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass
And seal it up with glue

If I had a prick of steel
And balls of shiny brass
I'd find a marble statue
And ram it up her ass
Just to breed a race of giants
To roam throughout the land
And to swell the night chorus
Of the cardinals be damned

Best Night I Stayed at Home to Masturbate
Best Night I Stayed at Home to Masturbate

Last night I stayed at home to masturbate
It was so nice! I did it twice!
Last night I stayed up late to pull my pud
It felt so good! I knew it would
You should see me working on the short strokes
I use my hand. It's simply grand
You should see me working on the long strokes
I use my feet. It's really neat
Smash it! Bash it! Beat it on the floor
Smite it! Bite it! Beat it on the floor
I have some friends who seem to think that
a fuck is simply grand
But for all around enjoyment I prefer it in the hand.

Mary had a little lamb
It's fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go

It followed her to the barn one day
for eggs she was to hunt
It stuck its nose beneath her clothes
To get a whiff of cunt

Now Mary was a naughty girl
And didn't give a damn
She let him have another whiff
And killed the God damned lamb.

High Above a Pi Phi's Garter

High above a Pi Phi's garter
High above her knee
Lies the key to Pi Phi success
Her virginity Once she had it
 Now she's lost it
 It is gone for good
 She goes down for all the brothers
 like a Pi Phi should

Lift her dress
But do it gently
Lay her on the grass
Often are the times I've dreamed of
a piece of Pi Phi ass

Pushin

Was it you who did the pushin
Put the stains upon the cushin
Foot prints on the dashboard upside-down
Was it you whose sly wood pecker
Got into my girl Hebecker
If it was you better leave this fuckin town.

Yes it was me who did the pushin
Left the stains upon the cushin
Foot prints upon the dashboard upside down
But since I got into your daughter
I've had trouble passing water
And I think we're even all around.

Leland Stanford

Hail to Leland Stanford
Loyal man and true
His pecker measured half an inch
His only ball was blue.

If any a Stanford son of life
Should enter in our walls
We'll take him to Menlo Park
And amputate his balls.

Mother, Father

M is for the many times you made me
O is for the other times you tried
T is for the tawdy frat house parties
H is for the hell thats in your eyes
E is for the ever loving passion
R is for the ruin you've made of me.

(Put them all together and they spell Mother
Thats what I think I am going to be)

F is for your funny correspondence
A is for this answer to your note
T is for the tearful sad occasion
H is for the hope I'll be your goat
E is for the Ease with which I made you
R is for the Rube you think I'd be.

(Put them all together and they spell Father,
But you'll never pin that title dear on me)

CHISEN TRAIL

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a penny
She said for that you won't get any

Chorus: Well come and tie my root around a tree- 'round a tree
Well come and tie my root around a tree- 'round a tree

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a nickel
She said for that you won't even get a tickle

CHORUS

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a dime
She said for that you're wasting your time

CHORUS

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a quarter
She said: "Young man I'm a minister's daughter"

CHORUS

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a ~~half~~ half
She didn't even talk, she just started to laugh

CHORUS

Well I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a dollar
She took my hand and she put it in her collar

CHORUS

So I reached in my pocket and I pulled out a five
She said come inside and we'll see if you're alive

CHORUS

Well I rode her standing and I rode her lying
If I had wings I'd have rode her flying

CHORUS

Then I went to the doctor cause my gun was sore
Good Lord said the Doctor, It's the same damn whore

CHORUS

You can put away your holster and you c n put aw y your gun
Your bullets been breached and your shootings all done

CHORUS

Well the last time I seen her and I haven't seen her since
She was hustling a ball through a barbed wire fence

CHORUS

Barnacle Bill, The Sailor

Who's that knocking at my door
Who's that knocking at my door
Who's that knocking at my door
Cried the fair young maiden

It's only me from across the sea
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor
It's only me from across the sea
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor

I'll come down and let you in (3)
Cried the fair young maiden

Just open the door and lay on the floor
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What if Ma and Pa should see (3)
Cried the fair young maiden

We'll fuck your Ma and shoot your Pa
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What if we should have a child (3)
Cried the fair young maiden

We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Stop shouting at the door (3)
Cried the fair young maiden

I just got paid and grr want to get laid
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What's that thing between your legs (3)
Cried the fair young maiden

It's only a pole to shove up your hole
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What's that fur around the pole (3)
Cried the fair young maiden

It's only some grass to tickle your ass
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor

She can tell by your grin
That there's cum upon her chin!!

ONE BALLED CHILLY

Sittin' in O'Reilly's bar, telling tales of blood and slaughter
Came the thought into my mind, why not shag; O'Reilly's daughter
Tiddily-ay, tiddily-i-e, tiddily-i-ay for the one balled 'eilly
Rig-a-dig-dis, balls and all, rub-adub-dub, shag on!!

I rabbed that sho-bitch by the tits, then I swan my left leg over
Shag, shag, shag some more, shag until the fun was over

There came a knocking at my door, who should it be but her oddamned
father
Two horse pistols by his side, looking for the guy who shagged his
daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the balls, shoved his head in a bail of water
Rammed those pistols up his ass, damn sight faster than I shagged
his daughter

As I go walking down the street people shout from every corner
THERE'S THE DIRTY SON-OF-A-BITCH! the guy who shagged O'Reilly's daughter

FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'

Chorus:

There's Friggin' in the riggin(3 Times)
When there's fuck all else o do

We sailed on the good ship Venus
My god you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast was an upright penis

The Captain's name was Morgan
A homosexual gorgon
He'd sit all day
On the deck and play
With his reproductive organ

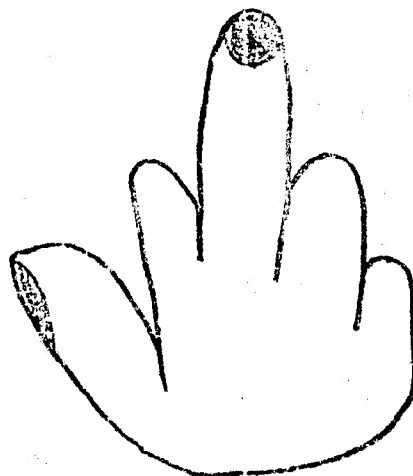
The cabin boy's name was Chinner
The dirty little nipper
He lined his ass
With broken glass
And circumcised the skipper

The captain's wife was Charlott
By god she was a Harlot
Her tits at night
Were lilly white
By morning they were scarlett

The coks wife was Mable
By god was she ever able
She gave he crew
Their reckly screw
Under the chartroom table

JOHN'S VERSE

The First Mate
The First Mate
The Goddamn Captain's brother
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one hole to another!



Grandfather's Cock

My grandfather's cock was too long for
his jock
So it hung 90 years on the floor
It was longer by half than the old man
himself
Though it weighed not a penny weight more
It was bought on the morn
Of the day that he was born
And was always his pleasure and pride
But it stopped/short/never to cum again
When the old man died.

THE PRIAR

there was a Friar of great renown (3 times)
AND THEN HE
raped a girl from out of town (3 times)
la Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho
JOESFshit
Similarly:
He laid her on the dewy grass
and then he rammed his pecker up her ass
He laid her on a downy bed
And then he rammed his pecker up her ass
~~textxxxxxxx~~thevillagesquare
laHe laid her on a downy bed
and then he busted up her maiden head
He took her to the village square
And then he went and made her there
He took her to the ^{countryside}~~villagesquare~~
And fucked and fucked until she died
He took her to the burial ground
And thought he'd go another round

Stanford Drinking Song

Oh it's wine, wine, wine that makes you feel so fine
On the farm, on the farm
Oh it's wine, wine, wine that makes you feel so fine
On the Leland Stanford junior farm

My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have HEYnot HO brought my specs with me

Similarly: Beer: cheer (or queer)

ale; hale
brandy; dandy
rum; burn
rye; sprye
liquid; wicked
cocoa; loco
whisky; frisky
coke; choke
gin; sin
port; sport
vermouth; unco
uncostel; feel

corn; glad your born
champaign; gives you a pain
hot roast duck; fuck
tea; pee

THE BIG BLACK BUTT.

The big black bull came down from
the mountain
CHARDAWN, RUGH CHARDAWN (subst. name)
The big black bull came down from
the mountain
Long time ago.

Chorus: It was a long time ago
a long time ago
(Repeat verse first line to 4.)

He spied a heifer in a pasture

He jumped the fence and he jumped
that heifer

He missed the mark and he passed
on the pasture

He wiped his prick on a white
birch sapling

The big black bull went back to
the mountain

His head hung low but his balls
hung lower.

ODE TO A BETTER SOCIETY

HERES TO PAPP, RIOT AND REVOLUTION
MAY PROSTITUTION FLOURISH AND
SON-OF-A-BITCH BECOME A HOUSEHOLD
WORD.(segue into ring-a-ding-ding)

Ring-a-ding-a-ding-ding (#3 times)
Blow it out your ass)
Better days are coming by and by

Additions

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle Went To Town A Riding on a
Baby

Turned the corner just in time to
see a naked lady

Once I took you out into the Wildwood
There I took advantage of your childhood
You came once I came twice
Oh, My God, Jesus Christ
Cherry Bye-Bye

Won't your father be dismayed
When he finds out you've been laid
Cherry Bye-Bye

Won't your ~~father~~^{mother} be disgusted
When she finds you cherry busted
Cherry Bye-Bye

SCROTUM

Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

Mangy, Rangy, covered with hair

Can't hardly feel it but you know it's there

Scrotum, Scrotum, SCROTUM

Helps to hold your gonads in